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FORMER HONOLULAN WRITES OF TRAVEL

After spending a day at Athens, looking over the city, we set sail and started for Constantinople. We reached the entrance of the Dardanelles or what was called in ancient times, the Hellespont, early the next morning. Here we had to wait for several steamers to come out. The whole place was heavily mined and the channel so narrow that it was dangerous to attempt to pass; an Italian freight steamer started in ahead of us and three shots were fired at her, two blanks and on solid shot fired over her bow, which made her heave to, after a while several Turkish war vessels came out and a launch proceeded ahead and we started on up the channel with 12 or 15 steamers following. When we reached the sea of Marmora, the launch left us and we steamed on up into the Golden Horn to the old city of Constantinople. We had carriages and were driven around the city. Visited the big museum but did not have time to inspect it properly. Then we visited the mosque of St. Sofia. This is a very large and handsome cathedral built by Constantine and was a Christian church until Constantinople was captured by an Asiatic tribe of Turks. After massacring the inhabitants, one of the chieftains rode into the temple on a horse, tramping many down who were praying for help. He rode up to a pillar in the church and clapped his bloody hand on the pillar, leaving the imprint of his hand, which can be seen to this day. The beautiful temple was afterwards converted into a Mohammedan mosque and is such today. It was beautifully decorated with gold, precious stones, etc. Some of the Mohammedans wanted to tear all these fine decorations out as they were against the writings of the Koran but the sultan said no, let them remain. There may be another religion coming up which will be better than ours and we can use it then, so every thing was white washed; and now some of the beautiful work can be seen where the wash has peeled off. Anyone who wishes to visit the mosque must take his shoes off or put on a pair of slippers which they furnish. These slippers are an oblong piece of leather with a piece of canvas fastened over the end to step the toes in; with this one has to shuffle along to keep them on. The floor is paved with flag stones and covered over with large Turkish rugs.

They only had a half dozen pair of these slippers and we had to take turns looking around. The ladies, who had overshoes on, could enter by taking them off, but not the men. I pushed through and was grabbed by one big fellow by the door, but I pulled away and sat down and took my shoes off. He laughed and I knew I was O. K., so I walked around carrying my shoes in my hand. I saw everything. Then we drove to another mosque and tried the same trick which worked O. K. I noticed street car tracks in the city but no cars running. The sultan will not permit any motive power on the streets. I asked where the cars were and was told they were put away as the horses were seized by the government and used in the war. I asked them why they did not take the horses from these carriages and was told they were no good; that they had been in the army and were condemned as they had been worked out, and were sold for about \$5 or \$10 per head. I noticed the drivers were whipping them all the time, even going down hill, and found out the reason was that the drivers were afraid some government inspector might see them and take them away from them, and send the horses back to the army, so they kept slapping away to make the inspectors think the horses were no good. After visiting the second mosque, we visited the bazaar, which were very interesting. The streets are all roofed over in this section and it is like a big market house. At the main entrance there are gates which are locked at night to keep robbers out. At noon we returned to the steamer and sailed up the Bosphorus to the entrance of the Black sea, then turned and sailed back to the entrance of the Dardanelles, and waited for morning to pass out, as ships are only allowed to go out in the day time. We sailed on and arrived off the coast of Gall on the afternoon of March 14, 1913, where we dropped anchor about three-quarters of a mile from shore. Those of our party who expected to spend 12 days in the Holy Land had their bundles and baggage all marked, checked and piled upon the deck ready to be transferred ashore. At this port, like many others, the passengers and baggage have to be transferred in small boats. From the steamer we could see camels along the shore, bringing and taking the freight from the dock. The weather

was bright and clear, but a cold wind was blowing. The passengers were all lined up on the deck looking towards shore, and wondering why the small boats did not come out. The sea was rough and choppy; we could see the surf dashing on the rocky shore and splashing high in the air. About 4:30 p. m. two boats put out from shore bringing Mr. Herbert Clark and his son, the American consul, and a Mr. Johnson, a guide, all from Jerusalem. They said we could not go ashore that night as it was too rough and dangerous and against the law for the boatman to try it.

That night when the sun went down, the wind went with it, and the sea quieted down considerably. About the middle of the next morning the boats came and took the party off who were going to Samaria and Damascus. It was quite warm and after the first section of the party was off, we started on for Jaffa, another port, and reached there early next morning and anchored about the same distance from shore as we did at Caifa. The conditions here were pretty much the same, only not quite as dangerous as they have a breakwater which gives them some protection. Along this coast are rocks and reefs and it is quite dangerous to try to land. We were fortunate enough to have fair weather, although we had a choppy sea and occasionally a wave would strike the side of the boat and splash over. The skilled boatmen guided the boat between the rocks and brought us up to the small dock. Then the trouble began. This is not a landlocked harbor or quiet bay, but on the rugged coast, and one has to be something of an athlete, for when the small boat rises with the swell he must spring out on the dock, which is much higher. There are several strong men who grab you and assist the passenger in landing.

Here we had quite a walk through low sheds and dirty, narrow streets to the railroad station. Jaffa has naturally a very poor harbor, but is one of the oldest ports in the world and is still a very important one in Southern Palestine, as they export large quantities of oranges and other citrus fruits, figs, etc. It was at this port that Hiram, king of Tyre, brought his cedars of Lebanon for King Solomon's temple; also the port from which St. Paul sailed when on his missions. From here we took a train for the old city of Jerusalem. Along the line many interesting points in Bible history were pointed out to us. After an hour's ride we reached the Holy City, which is about two miles from the railroad station. Carriages were provided for us to take us to our respective hotels. The hotel I was assigned to was the Notre Dame de France, which is a convent. One wing is used by the Franciscan fathers. It is a big, three-story building, another wing was built for tourists and pilgrims to the Holy Land. The rooms all had the name of a saint over the door, but since tourists have been coming in, a number has been pasted over the door for convenience of tourists.

Going back in ancient history the tract of land on which Jerusalem stood was known as Jerus, as it is spoken in the book of Jos. 10-15. The inhabitants were called Jebusites, but various translations of the word have changed the name, Jebus, Jebusalem, then Jerusalem, which has stuck to the city, as the name was changed by order of Hadrian, who had the name put on the Roman coins used in that locality. The old Arab name was Jerusalem, but in time of Abraham the name was Salem, which signified city of peace, and I suppose the misnamed city was changed, as it was constantly in a stage of siege and war since its foundation. David captured it on account of its natural defenses and made it the capital of his kingdom, rebuilt it and made it a mighty city. It also became one of the most magnificent cities in the world under the reign of his son, Solomon, and needless to say, the building of this temple added to its beauty and glory. But with all its greatness, the Fates doomed it to be short-lived. Reboam, who succeeded his father, Solomon, lost his power and the city was conquered by Sheahak, king of Egypt, and again by the Arabians and the Philistines. During the reign of Athaliah it was the scene of the worship of Baal, and as a punishment it was captured and plundered by Hazael, who was king of Syria and again by Hese-kiah. But the city was saved by the appearance of the Angel of Death, who smote Sennacherib and his hosts. From this incident Lord Byron wrote his poem, "The Destruction of Sennacherib."

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And he and his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And he and his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;

And the cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
That host with their banners at sunset were seen,
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed;
There lay the rider distorted and pale
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;

The city was finally and utterly destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar and its inhabitants carried off in captivity and slavery. For many years the city lay in waste and ruins. When Nebuchadnezzar viewed the landscape and saw the devastation, he rebuilt the city but it soon fell under Roman conquest. Under the reign of Herod the Great the city was enlarged and beautified. He had a handsome temple on the site of that of King Solomon.

This was during Christ's time. It was this city through which streets he walked and the temple where he taught. To draw the ac-

cient history I want to describe something I saw there. One place I visited was the Mosque of Omar or the Rock Tomb, which is a beautiful building and stands on the sight of the temple of Solomon, and the one of Herod. Under the big dome there is a rock 20x40 feet. I was told it was this rock where Abraham was going to offer up Isaac for a sacrifice. It was on this rock where the high altar stood in Solomon's temple, as the concrete cut in the rock for carrying off the blood are plainly seen. It was on this rock where Mohammed made his last prayer before he ascended to heaven, and as he ascended the rock started to follow him, but the angel Gabriel put his hand on the rock and pushed it back, and left the print of his finger thereon, which were pointed out by our guide. The Moslems still believe the rock is suspended in air and they claim that Mohammed had driven certain nails in the rock, and that they are still working through the stone, and when this is accomplished and the last nail drops into the cavern below. All will be over and the world will come to an end, Gabriel will blow his horn and the last judgment take place. There is a railing or fence around the rock so no one is permitted to go inside. One place where is supposed to be a passage way leading out to one of the valleys is closed by a big marble slab and the followers of Mohammed are so superstitious they will not let it be removed. I visited a big stone building known as the house of Pontius Pilate and was shown a room called the Judgment Hall where Christ was tried. This hall was a mass of low stone arches about 6 feet high, as I could reach up and touch the top. They said at the time of the trial, they were much higher, but the accumulation of dust and dirt of ages have all it up, but as I stood on a flag stone floor I had little faith in the story. The buildings must have been built all on the same plane, as I was in another building of the same kind, and was taken into a room where the last supper was held. They claim they have a piece of the table upon which the last supper was served. That made me think of the centennial at Philadelphia, where every Turk who had a booth had the only piece of the original cross upon which the Savior was put to death, and if all of them were gathered together, it would make 15 cords of wood. I walked a long the street called straight where Christ carried the cross and at each place where he stepped to rest, is a station such as are seen in the Catholic churches. We also drove to Mount Olives. Some think it is a mountain but it is only two or three hundred feet higher than the city. From one point we had a fine view of the valley of the Jordan, and a large portion of the Dead Sea, which is 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The Mount of Olives is certainly a sacred spot and is very much entrenched with religious sentiment as there is not a spot pointed out as a scene in the old and new testament that is not marked by a chapel, altar or shrine of some kind over it. Early in the old testament it speaks of the place as being associated with the worship of Jehovah. It was here that David sought refuge from the wrath of his ungrateful son, Absalom. One thing that gives the Mount of Olives such special significance is the life of Christ, as he spent nights in prayer and his ascension from this place. One place on the mount stands a Greek church where thousands of Christians gather on Ascension Day, because there are some impressions in the lime stone which they say are footprints and that Christ stood there at the time of his ascension. A tall Greek priest told me that when Christ stood there it was soft mud and in time it turned to stone.

One place nearby is the Field of Blood, another the Judas Tree, where Judas hanged himself. There is a church and around the porch of the inner court there is a row of tablets or panels on the walls, nearly forty in number, with the Lord's prayer printed on them in as many different languages. From this Mount of Olives are pointed out many points of interest mentioned in the Bible. The Hill of Evil Council, Mount Zion, here it was that Judas made his bargain with Calaphas. There are many other interesting places I could mention, but space will not permit. One place I want to mention is the tomb of the kings. This was the tomb of the early Jewish kings. There was a large excavation, something over a hundred feet square and 30-40 feet deep. Most of this was cut out of rock. At one end was a porch cut out of the face, leaving some imposing columns. At one end of the porch there was a doorway four feet high and thirty inches wide going into a large room, twenty feet square and twelve feet high. On two sides of the room were three small doorways going into small rooms, where the bodies were placed. In building these tombs I noticed they cut the face of the rock down to about three feet from the level, leaving a wall two feet wide, then cut down to the level, leaving a space two feet wide between the wall and the face of the rock, where the doorway in the wall is cut out. A large round stone like a millstone is placed in the vacant space and when the body is placed in the tomb the stone is rolled over in front of the doorway and big stones placed in the space and cemented or sealed to prevent the stone from being rolled away. The entrance to these caverns is by going down stone steps on an incline. Another place where visitors was by going down out of the tomb to a cavity or cave, where a Greek priest or monk and sailing candles and incense. At one side of the cave was a hole in the rock which looked like an old-fashioned window. This was where the bones of the Dead of Jerusalem are placed when we had a steep trail and walked down to the city.

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